

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Three Dollars a Year,  
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No. 12.

## THE YEAR'S CROWN.

BY M. G. WATKINS.

Fain would I stay thee, from thy fragrant  
treasures.  
To pluck, fair queen, the last and sweetest  
rose!  
Fain would I linger where this fine air blows  
The golden woodlands, ling'ring while it blows  
As loth to say farewell! Bright Autumn, fain  
Would I love delay thee, but the wish is vain!  
Yet has thou memories, Autumn, for the twi-  
light  
Of happy meetings, joyful smiles, where corn  
Waves on the hill-side, or the penciled eye-  
bright  
Stirs in the breeze from purpled uplands  
burne;  
Pensive we loiter by the well-known trout,  
And watch the golden fields by sunset kissed.  
Here for each soul the future takes a glory,  
And Hope may dream of triumphs yet to  
come;  
Lovers here meet to tell the "old, old story,"  
Draw tight the knots ne'er e'en by death un-  
done;  
Here, too, when day dies—alas! too soon—  
More lovely floats above the Autumn moon.  
Soft falls her mellow flood, its radiance  
streameth  
O'er park and hamlet wrapped in deep repose;  
Yonder the brook a thread of silver gleameth.  
The forest here in solemn splendor shows;  
A land of silent glamour far and near  
Owns Autumn queen of all the beauteous year.

## WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

### The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," "OAK-  
LANDS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVII.

OUT IN THE COLD WORLD.

"Who could Mrs. Eugene Danvers be?"

Nina felt quite sure that she had no friends in New York who would sufficiently interest themselves in her welfare to prevent the infliction of any possible wrong from other sources; but feeling assured, on the other hand, that the warning of Caspar Lenox had not been without object, she beckoned the policeman to her side, and gave him the directions suggested.

The man stood for a moment doubting and in awe of so great a patron for the woman whom he had suspected of a crime, but finally took the lead, and bade her follow, while Nina, lost in wonder, submissively obeyed.

The grandeur of Mr. Philip Danvers' residence impressed them each anew, as they moved, side by side, up the tesselated walk, to the wonder of some fashionable callers just going out. Eugene was standing on the marble steps, when he caught a glimpse of them, and paused. The officer touched his hat, and waited to be addressed.

"Do you wish to see any one here?" asked Eugene, in his usually suave tones.

"This woman has come under the suspicion of the law, so that I could not exactly lose sight of her at once. She seems to think that Mrs. Eugene Danvers may testify as to her past character, as she once had the honor of serving her."

"My wife," said Eugene, in some surprise. "You must have known her then, my good woman, in another country. Are you a foreigner?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you think Mrs. Danvers will remember you? I am sure she will do anything she can for one in any unmerited trouble. But what is your offence?"

Nina explained, as briefly as she could, and ended by begging to be permitted to see the lady.

"It is a plausible story enough," said Eugene, kindly, "and I am sure I hope it may be true. Enter, officer, if you please, and you, too, my good woman. I will bring Miriam at once." He had shown them into a little reception-room to the left of the main entrance, when the rustling of a heavy silk dress was heard approaching them.

"Miriam, my love!" cried Eugene, "how fortunate. Here is a poor woman who thinks you can relieve her of a great embarrassment, by testifying as to her past character. Do you remember to have seen her before?"

The queen of high life, supreme in her beauty and the splendor of her attire, came in slowly, her coral lips wreathed with a gracious smile, while on the outcast's face was a mingled expression of hope and anxiety.

"Who are you?" Mrs. Danvers was saying, when a sight of the policeman's uniform caught her eye, and filled her with alarm.

Nina, too, had looked up, and instead of the humble plea for protection, which all had expected to hear, she now sprang to her feet with a startled cry, and strode towards the lady with dilated eyes, and a hand uplifted, as in imprecation.

"Rather, in God's name, let me ask who are you?" she exclaimed, in a tone of such stern, insulting inquiry that



"In God's name, who are you?" exclaimed Nina. . . . Miriam Danvers staggered back into a seat.

Eugene's face was instantly flushed with anger, while Miriam Danvers, looking once more upon the dark, weather-stained face of the strange woman, grew white as the snow that was beginning to fall without, and staggered back into a seat.

"Can you—can you be Miriam Roscoe?" cried the woman, still drawing threateningly near, and gazing intently into the pallid face of the beautiful lady. "Tell me that my eyes are cheating me, that I have gone blind or mad, anything but that I see before me the perjured wife of Louis Dupre."

"Officer!" It was Eugene's voice, stern, clear and cold. "Take that woman from the room!"

"Look at her!" cried Nina, retreating towards the wall. "Look at her, young man, you who may now be her husband, and say if you do not read the story of her guilt in her blanched cheeks."

"Tremble for your own safety, while you bid her tell here how her other dupe—her first husband died!"

"Miriam, do you know that woman?" cried Eugene, again.

"No."

The color had returned to Mrs. Danvers' cheeks, and a light, like the flash of cold steel, gleamed in her eyes.

"You do not know me—Nina Da Costa?"

"No."

"Will you deny that you were Miriam Roscoe?"

"I was Miriam Roscoe."

"And still you do not know me?"

"No."

"It is like you," said the woman, with a bitter laugh. "There is not another woman in the world who could lie so coldly."

"Officer!" exclaimed Eugene, wrathfully, "drag that woman from the room, or I shall have you arraigned for misprision of duty."

"Hold!" said Miriam, with a wave of her hand that served as a command both for Eugene and the policeman, and in a voice that had suddenly grown calm, cold and cutting, "I would have a few more words with this person. There is something in the face, as I look at her again, that seems not altogether unfamiliar. I had forgotten the name. You are the mad schoolmistress of Leonora Danvers—my husband's cousin."

A frown, not unmixed with an expression of pity, passed over Eugene's countenance, as he resumed a listening attitude.

"I am glad to see that you will confess so much," said Nina, with a bitter laugh. "I think, if you will take the trouble to consider, you can recall more of my history than you were willing to confess to a minute since. You did not disdain my acquaintance when, with your wicked beauty, you were endeavoring to entice—"

"Ah, hah! She will protract this interview to utter weariness on all sides," said Miriam, in an appealing tone.

"This is one of the cases, Eugene, in which you would find that I might be slightly bored. What is her present offence, officer?" Mrs. Danvers' self-possession was complete, her dignity regal, while the outcast's eyes flashed fire, and her whole frame was shaken with violent emotion.

The policeman briefly stated his grounds of suspicion.

"The beautiful little girl of Mrs. Roschester Leslie," said Miriam, turning towards her husband. "Ah, I am afraid this is sadly in keeping with what I have heard of this woman and her family before. Why did she come here to-day?"

"To ask you to establish my reputation as an honest woman among these strangers who know me not," said Nina, imperiously.

"I should like to oblige you," replied Miriam, with an amused smile, "but really, I think you are asking most too much of me. Eugene, you know nothing of your cousin in those days, but this woman—as she confesses to be the same—had much to do with her unhappy history. I have heard my first husband speak of her, also, as quite a plausible and interesting person—one of those cunning cases of insanity, which it takes quite a time to discover. I wonder that she should be permitted to go at large still."

"And you dare tell me this to my face?" cried Nina, furiously. "Just Heaven, is there no power to smite this scheming, soulless piece of iniquity?"

"Eugene," said Mrs. Danvers, with her sweetest smile, "may we not as well end this rather ridiculous interview?"

"It would have ended much earlier if I had had my way," replied Eugene, proudly. "Policeman, I think you have shown your discretion. You can now remove your woman."

"I refuse to go!" cried Nina. "I will not stir until I have torn the mask from this whited sepulchre. The voice of poor Louis Dupre is crying to me for vengeance, and I will expose her."

"And, officer," said Miriam, as she took her husband's arm to leave the room, "pray remember that I know nothing whatever of this woman except by hearsay. I saw her once or twice. I can recall nothing before her infirmity became generally known."

"Stay!" exclaimed Nina, in a frenzy. "You shall not escape me! Stay, foolishly, blindly-trusting husband, as you value your life!" but Eugene and his wife had already quitted the room, and as the desperate woman made a bound to follow them, the policeman seizing her by both arms easily slipped a pair of handcuffs upon her wrists, while Nina, bewildered with astonishment and terror, was led out, dumb as a lamb before its shears.

The out-door air seemed to revive her, however, for as long as she was in sight she continued to look back, and to mutter direful imprecations between her clenched teeth upon the woman who had so coolly deceived and maligned her.

"Let her rejoice!" she cried. "She has prospered on crime, as only devils are permitted to do, but I have found her now, where it will be impossible for her to escape me again."

"Come," said the officer, warningly. "Don't you think you have said enough? You will exhaust yourself talking, and you had better be cautious, if you don't wish to go to the asylum as dangerous and incurable. If you have papers or other showing that will be of service to you, you had better direct me where to get them, as you may, perhaps, have a hearing to-morrow."

And Nina DaCosta's morning's adventure led at least to the station-house for the night. Had Caspar Lenox counted on this?

In the meantime, affairs had been proceeding scarcely less pleasantly in the miserable establishment to which Evelyn Leslie had been so wickedly conveyed.

The robber had been well nigh frenzied with suffering and anxiety, and Moll had been dispatched half a dozen times to learn if the woman, whom Lenox had employed, had returned safely from her rather dangerous embassy. The unfortunate results to the latter were already known, but she managed to convey some intelligence of the money, and with this they were forced to be content for the night.

Moll herself was so delighted with the success of her scheme, that she forgot the danger to others, and of the situation in which she had left her husband, she ran with dangerous rapidity up the steps of her accustomed haunt, and stumbled over Wally, who sat disconsolately rubbing a black eye, which he had received during her absence.

"He be awful!" he whispered, in terror. "He be a swearin' at you for the last hour." She opened the door softly, nervously, and beheld Ned writhing in pain, with Mother Crowley chattering and hobbling about him.

"Where have you been, you strolling jade?" he yelled out, with an oath, and before giving her time to answer he ordered the old woman from the room.

When she was gone Moll hastened to inform him that the money was secured.

"Then why the d—l don't you produce it?" he thundered.

She was now forced to inform him of the difficulty in which the woman who had undertaken to escort the child was involved; but as the conviction of Lenox that she would be released from custody on the following day.

The man listened with ominously grim attention.

"I hear me, my beauty," he exclaimed, at last; "but this is your fortune as you have been this day. You have escaped a life's imprisonment, perhaps, by the skin of your teeth. Lay it to heart now, for by the Lord, if you ever run your neck into such a noose again, I will help to strangle you with it; do you hear?"

"I thought it was for your good, Ned. Let that pass. Only be wiser next time, or you'll regret it. Now listen again, and see that you obey to the letter. Mother Crowley is wide awake, but she knows nothing whatever of the child's earnings, and they were of considerable value. I know. You two are to find them between you; so look well. Search everywhere, and if they are not discovered, send that boy Walter to me. He may have been sharp enough to take them, and I'll flay him alive if he does not bring them to me."

The boy heard as he still crouched by the door, and springing up as light as a cat, before she opened it, slipped into a small closet at the head of the steps until Moll had come out and crossed into the room where the child had been robbed on the previous evening. Then he crept out again, and bending for an instant over a loose plank in the wall, he drew out something that glistened marvelously, even in the obscure twilight, and wrapping it in a tattered handkerchief, thrust it into his bosom. Then looking cautiously around, he espied Moll's old pocket-book lying on the wooden table, just outside the door, where she had laid it in her alarm, and slipping it into his pocket, moved on tip-toe to the stairway.

"Moll's chink will keep me from having to grab things to eat, as she told me

I was not to steal no more," he murmured, softly, apparently unconscious that he was violating her commands in taking the pocket-book. "And now I am going to run away."

With that he slid noiselessly down the steps and out again through the alley, speeding on as fast as his feet would carry him, and looking back now and then as though the avenger were at his heels, the darkness deepening on him at every step, for night had descended once more upon the great city.

God pity the homeless wanderer, who looks up to the darkening sky, even in the morning of life, and feels that there is no altar of refuge for him when the night comes on.

## CHAPTER XVII.

SHOWING THAT MR. DANVERS' HOUSE-KEEPER MIGHT LIKEWISE HAVE A STORY.

Nina DaCosta, for as such she still gave in her name, appeared in due form in the police court, to answer the charges which had been brought against her.

The attorney stated her case explicitly and severely. The lady arraigned before them was a foreigner—a stranger to our laws and customs. Alone in a great city, without a friend or protector, she had been seized by an over-zealous policeman and arraigned before a court of justice, on the vague charge of being in some manner accessory to the abduction.

What was the evidence against her? The child had never seen her until she appeared to her for the protection, which was kindly granted, upon the street.

Her conduct at the houses at which she had stopped here had been quiet and orderly in the extreme. The certificates of character found among her papers were, without exception, highly laudatory. It would be a shame upon all rules of equity to detain her longer.

Mr. Leslie promptly paid for her defence, and she was released.

The first interview with Lenox began with a storm of reproach.

"Did you wish to have me rot in a jail," she cried, "that you must throw me like a bomb-shell into the camp of my worst enemy? Nothing but handcuffs kept me from an effort to strangle her in all her ill-gotten power."

"Tush," said Lenox, with a grim smile, "you women will never have discretion. I wished you, by a sudden coup, to prepare the way for what is to follow. She was, as you declare, at first visibly agitated in the presence of her husband. Very well. Little by little we will get him to the point of believing, you see, and by that time we can get together all our evidence. Had you possessed her nerve, and recovered your equanimity as soon as she did, you might have constrained her through fear to lend you the patronage of her distinguished position."

"How did she dare take that position? She, of all the world, to wed into the house that she had betrayed."

"What is it that a woman will not dare when once you arouse her?" he replied.

plied. "But she has been going too fast, as she will discover. You got off to-day, as I knew you would, and you have fairly earned your portion of the money. You may have need of it, for her punishment may speedily begin."

"Only tell me how?"

"Through her child."

"Where is he?"

"Hiding the Danvers house as though he were the heir."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes; he is like her, but has something of the father in his face, too. If she has a mother's heart, we can wring that first."

"Unnatural as she is, she did love the child. But what would you do with him?"

"What was done with Leslie's child, whom you restored? Entice him from her, and do not let him be taken back."

"Ah! why had I never thought of that?" she cried, springing up. "If he be the son of my poor Louis, let me have him. The sooner he is taken from her influence the better. But we can never compass that. The invincible barrier of a great position is between us now, and she would hunt us down."

"Let her know that my hand is in it, and she will not dare."

"But how will you begin?"

"Of that you need not be informed. The child shall be safely in your hands before it is one month older. Self-love is stronger than mother love with her, and when it is gone she will not dare to speak openly, however she may suffer. Only let the consciousness torture her when she lies down at night upon her bed of down that her very flesh and blood, whom she has pampered with every luxury, is in hunger and destitution, sleeping on a curbstone or in a den of robbers."

"Oh, what a head you have!" cried Nina, in involuntary admiration. "My revenge would be as nothing without you."

"Because no woman who acts alone can ever have sufficient caution. Only be quiet until you hear from me again."

Leaving the woman to seek her own lodgings, he returned to the humble boarding-house at which he usually slept, and retired to his room. When he appeared again, after a few hours, the night was already something advanced; but he drew his hat over his brows, and passing out into the street, moved on with the air of a man who had long been inured to hardships or to violent exercise.

There was no lagging or weariness in the beat of his tread as regular as that of a drilled soldier. His glance wandered neither to the right nor left as he moved on, with his cloak drawn closely about the lower half of his face, and his slouch hat shading his brows, much as some dainty young man might have done to avoid injury to his complexion from the frosty night air.

At length he too stood in front of Mr. Philip Danvers' residence, from which subdued lights still gleamed over the beautiful grounds, adorned with statues and fountains. And as he sauntered slowly down the side wall of the enclosure, against which stood an outer building of smaller dimensions but exactly similar design with the main dwelling, he began to whistle an old national air, with unusual proficiency. When he had reached the rear of the enclosure, however, it became evident that his journey in that direction was ended, for he wheeled suddenly about and walking back, paused before a door in the wall and rapped three times on its panel. Almost immediately afterwards a heavy key turned slowly on the interior, and the door opened cautiously, until the rays of a shaded lamp gleamed out quite across the dark and silent street upon the diamond-paned windows of a house beyond; and Caspar Lenox threw up his hand to shield his dazed vision.

"Confound it, Maude," he muttered, in a suppressed, half angry tone. "Can you never see me but you must bring out a flaming torch that would alarm the whole neighborhood? You are determined to try to throw all the suspicion on me you can, it seems."

A woman of slight and rather graceful figure, clad in a black dress, with a shawl of the same hue drawn about her head and shoulders, stood in the entry with the light held above her eyes, as though to enable her to make sure of the personal identity of her visitor.

"Hush, Caspar, for heaven's sake!" she whispered, glancing anxiously back over her shoulder. "The time and circumstances of such visits are suspicious enough in themselves, heaven knows, in spite of all that I can do to give them the appearance of accident or of common interest. You wish to see me, of course?"

"Rather, I must say, or I should not be here."

"Come, then," answered the woman, "and above all, let your communication be brief. After all that I have endured here for the past month, can you not imagine, Caspar, that I am a little nervous—that I feel every time I hear your whistle out there, a growing presentiment of some irremediable evil to us all?"

"I can imagine that you always were, and always will be, a fool," he replied, angrily, as he stepped in and closed the gate after him. "You are a nice—"

"Hush!" she whispered, sharply, in



his ear, as she clutched his arm nervously with her disengaged hand. "I will not stand that. I had rather kiss—"

"Does Miriam Danvers yet dream that you are—"

"No!" she again interrupted him. "Do you suppose that this proud and victorious queen of fashion has any thought to bestow upon the housekeeper of her mother-in-law? Yet it seems to me that to be discovered, and cast out from this last refuge, would scarcely be so torturing as the lying hypocrisy—always in danger of discovery—that I am forced to live out here from day to day."

"Yet you thought you would be better here than you could be in returning to the open discharge of your duty," he replied, in a strangely subdued tone.

"And what was my duty?" she asked, with a bitter laugh.

"To have remained with your husband," he answered, moodily.

"Husband! I have no husband. Did not the law divorce us long ago?"

"I know; but it was all your fault."

"My fault! Then let it be," she cried, "for not even such a girl could blame a true woman in her heart who refuses to gang with robbers and creatures of her own sex, whose least offence in the eyes of God is to stain the name of her husband."

"Could I help the surroundings of my youth?" he replied, angrily. "And how often shall I assure you that my hands are as clean as yours of all those gross offences, which you seem more ready than the rest of the world to lay to my charge. It is enough for me, and should have been for you, that I am innocent. As long as they serve my purpose and help me to my revenge, I will not expose them."

"It matters not to me," she said, wearily. "A sister's interest, you confess, is all that you can claim—you, who have another lawful wife."

"Lawful fiddlers!" he ejaculated, with a bitter laugh. "It was, as you have been told, a covenant of hatred to others. A bond of offence and defence between ourselves, that can now be dissolved when we will, for I then believed you dead. What was your object, when you had put the law between us, to leave me with the idea that you were no longer living?"

"Because," she answered, "I had trusted then that I might be enabled to forget as I had forgotten."

In the meantime she had passed over the marble-paved walk, and mounting the steps of the rear building, she had described the two now passed into a handsomely furnished sitting-room.

"Mary," continued the woman, to a servant girl who was waiting her return, "my brother has stepped in for a few moments. You can go up to my room until I call you."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the girl, with the unmistakable Irish brogue, as she dropped a courtesy to the visitor and passed out, but I don't see you and your brother are very much alike."

On entering the room, Maude Manning, as this woman will henceforth be known to the reader, had dropped the shawl from about her, and set the lamp upon the table. As she turned to look upon the man who had thus far received a dubious welcome, the light revealed more clearly a woman of medium height, with a quantity of dark wavy hair, brushed carelessly back from her temples, crowning a face a little worn by thought or sorrow—perhaps by both, yet still bearing many evidences of unmistakable beauty, together with an expression betokening great firmness and strength of character.

As her eyes rested upon her visitor an unusual light illuminated their soft depths, and the color in her cheeks came and went, as if a burning fire were kindled behind her eyes, as she gazed at the man who stood before her, and whose face she had seen so often in the past.

Maude, a man reared in an atmosphere of vice, as I was, could not conquer his whole nature at a single effort. As long as you trusted me I was not wholly bad, for something seemed ever calling me back to you."

"Ah, you never loved me," she cried, bitterly, clasping her hands before her eyes as though to shut out the very sight of him. "I don't see you and your brother are very much alike."

"Then why do you leave me to deal with such material?" he asked, still in a half bantering tone. "With all my advantages of education, and that infinite knowledge of the cunning hypocrisy of my own race, which plunged me so early into a tooth and nail war with them, I find some amusement in watching the development of those utterly untutored natures. Let her be what she is, and I am happier to-day than you or I. And Maude, I'll swear it, there are impulses of generosity, or rather of self-sacrifice in her, where her husband is concerned, that would cause you to appear a very iceberg beside her."

"I know nothing of her, and desire to know nothing," replied Maude, in a weary, heart-broken tone. "She may be what you call happy, but I am, because she has no conscience."

"Granted!" he returned bitterly. "She has no conscience, as you moralists term the vague and uncertain superstitions of the enlightened. She violates a code of laws of which she is in blissful ignorance and is happy as before. We have a 'conscience, if you please—at least we are endowed with some knowledge of the forbidden fruit—nevertheless, we reach out our hands to pluck it, and the thorns rend our flesh, and we suffer a thousand unendurable tortures. She is then better off without a conscience than we are with it."

"Such sophistry may do for her 'untutored soul,' as you termed it, but it cannot pass with me."

"No," returned Lenox, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "You can afford to moralize, but she has been trained to be an unquestioning instrument in her husband's hands. He bids her go here, or there, and she obeys. He says to her 'do this,' and she does it. As well, or better than that, perhaps, if you go to her, and she obeys, as man to man, he had no showing with me, it was not disappointed affection, as you afterwards chose to believe, but an inordinate thirst for revenge that induced me to resort to what you condemn as unscrupulous means for the working out of my purposes. I may have sacrificed to my hatred of him, because the malignant rather than the tender feelings of my nature had been called into life, and suddenly nurtured from my earliest recollections, but as I hope to live it was not through love of her."

"False, always false, first and last!" moaned the woman, piteously. "Do you forget that you caused her husband, poor weak soul that he was, to thrust her from his door in the dead of night, and that, fleeing to go, she was murdered under the same disreputable roof that sheltered you?"

"It is the sweetest memory of my turbulent life," responded Lenox, savagely, "because I know he dares his manhood hands against each other in fury at the thought of it as he sits in the darkness of his prison cell to-night! If you were not a woman, and therefore an obstinate fool, Maude, I could tell you something this evening that would convince you I have never been as false to you as I am, though it would cause you to regard me as less a man than a devil."

"What greater proofs of your wickedness do I want?" she cried, with a look of terror. "Tell me nothing to deepen the loathing I feel for you at this moment. Would you convince me that the murder was done by your hand and not his? Would you add that last drop of bitterness to my cup?"

"How?" exclaimed Maude, springing to her feet with an energy that terrified her. "Believe me the willing companion of renegades and felons, if you will; but would you add the same of infamy to this by professing to believe that I have stained my hands with the blood of a human being, and that being a helpless thing like yourself, a woman?"

"Thank God for those words, Caspar!" she sobbed, while the tears streamed through her thin fingers. "You always awaken the suspicion by some dark insinuations, that I may not understand. Oh, I could almost forgive anything when you assure me you were not at all accessory to that fearful deed!"

"By the eternal! I would never have supposed you would deem me capable of that!" he said, musingly. "And yet it may come to me in the end. But if I take a life to me, it is a man's, Maude, and not a woman's."

"Oh, Caspar!" she exclaimed, in a voice wrung with emotion; "the doubt I was weak enough to express just now has flashed over me only when you have spoken as you did just now, but I have banished it as unjust to you. Were this not so, even the miserable mockery of relationship that has occasionally brought us together here would be thrown aside forever with the rest."

"That is if you could gain my consent to the agreement."

"You would not dare interfere?" she replied, passionately. "I gave up all for you when life seemed as true and beautiful as I thought you were, and when I was remorsefully set aside I only begged that, under another name, I might spend the remainder of my life alone from all association with you or yours."

"Hear her!" he cried. "Let a man be fool enough to concede to a woman that she has some claims to his forbearance, and I don't believe she'll ever let him forget it in this world or the next. What greater proof of my deference to your wishes could I have given than when I suffered you, for a mere whim, to separate yourself from me and to come here—here, of all places in the world where you have no right to be, and from whence a word of mine could cause you to be cast forth?"

"But that word would cost you your life or liberty, and you dare not speak it!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "You find it better to suffer an idle imbrication to drift off altogether from you, than through a whim, as you say, to retain it, when it would cost you so much. But why do I bandy words with you? The best is dead, and I, if you will, have buried—yes, eagerly buried—every vestige of it as something too loathsome to look upon. Your visit here to-night is an intrusion. Why have you come, and especially at this inopportune time?"

"Because the messenger I had thought to send to you to-day could not come."

"What messenger?" she asked, coldly.

"That eccentric genius, Moll," he replied, with affected amusement. "The wife of our mutual friend, Ned Payne."

"And you would send those outlaws here?" she exclaimed, with her hands pressed to her throbbing temples, "when a glance of recognition from such a creature would be enough to cast suspicion on the noblest lady in the land?"

"It is of your own choosing that a messenger is required at all," he replied, with something like a smile of triumph. "Let her be what she is, and I am happier to-day than you or I. And Maude, I'll swear it, there are impulses of generosity, or rather of self-sacrifice in her, where her husband is concerned, that would cause you to appear a very iceberg beside her."

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and who had died there in a fit of 'delirium tremens,' replied Lenox, moodily. "She has all the low cunning of practical vice, it is true; but if there is one thing, by heaven, that she should be esteemed for, it is that she does not recognize the necessity of putting on, over her very short dresses, the conventional, but far more hideous, the often too transparent garb of an over-punctilious virtue."

"Ah, this grows worse and worse," sobbed the unhappy woman. "Why could you not at least leave me in the belief that faith, even in you, was not impossible?"

"It is you who wilfully murder that belief," he said, suddenly looking up at her. "Maude, Maude, anything could ever have overcome the faith in me, it would have been you. What is there of possible sympathy between any other living thing and myself? Maude, I did not come here to urge upon you the subject that has been so long dropped, by mutual agreement between us; but something stronger than ourselves compels me to ask it again. 'Come back to me! I promise you nothing, only come back and try me once more.'"

"Come back!" cried Maude, bitterly. "When you have another wife! Come back in the face of the open shame of which you boast! There are no tortures, no death that would not be sweet compared to that!"

Perhaps she was sorry for this retort, though heaven knows, even he could not condemn her, when she saw the swift return of stormy and evil passions into his countenance, that had been almost beautiful in the flush of tenderness before, for her hands dropped with almost lifeless listlessness to her side.

"Forgive me," he said, with severe irony. "I had forgotten for the moment where I was. How do I know at what price you retain the capricious favor of this great house? Their corrupt race have paid very dearly for the smiles that have had power to lure them."

"Have you finished?" asked Maude, sternly rising and pointing towards the door. "It grows late."

"Not exactly," he returned, with bitter feigned coldness. "I came here, as you guessed, on business. You have told me of the visible antipathy between Mr. Philip Danvers and this modern Jeezab, his son's wife. But it is of the child that I would especially inquire to-night. What are his amusements, who are his attendants, and where does he go?"

"And suppose," replied the woman, facing him once more, "that I refuse to answer you, refuse to remain here and betray the secrets of this house to you or any other?"

"Then," returned Lenox, slowly, with a dark scowl upon his bent brows, "I, too, will show something of which a desperate will may be capable. I will look that down and remain here with you until Philip Danvers himself shall be called to have it opened, though by so doing, I should change places, ere to-morrow's sun has set, with Arnold Leslie."

"Do it then, and I swear to you I would not put a hand to prevent it!" she cried, as she still stood trembling before him. "Let it all be over; the quicker the better."

"High words," he answered, scornfully. "But they weigh little with me. You have an object in staying here, and you will not lightly sacrifice that, I know."

And in truth his words seemed to recall some forgotten thought, for a look of fear, if not of submission, was instantly visible in expression and manner.

"Why do you ask?" she faltered. "What would you learn? He is a turbulent bad boy—yes, eagerly buried—every vestige of it as something too loathsome to look upon. Your visit here to-night is an intrusion. Why have you come, and especially at this inopportune time?"

"I know," replied Lenox. "One could expect nothing less. Does he visit you often?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Maude, hurriedly.

"You would consider him a bad associate for your little nephew, whom, by the way, you have never let me see," said Lenox. "Well, perhaps you are right, but he cannot hurt me, and I must manage to see him often henceforth, by fair means or foul. Who is his most constant attendant?"

"The French maid, Allaine."

"The French maid, who?" he exclaimed, eagerly, springing to his feet, as though he had been shot.

The woman repeated.

"Ah, then, by Heaven!" said Lenox, joyfully. "The wife of our mutual friend, Ned Payne."

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dering the old hermit, Jeffrey.

**Sound Advice.**—Never sit, stand or lie in a current of air when you are fatigued or warm.

**LIQUID INDIA RUBBER.**—India rubber cut into thin strips and immersed in spirits of turpentine in a close vessel and kept warm, will dissolve, and in the solution can be put on with a brush, forming a water-proof coating for anything to which it may be applied. It has the objection, however, of keeping its tackiness long, and in this respect it is seldom used except for coating shoes and other articles.

**TO REMOVE STINGS.**—In many cases instantaneous relief from the pain can be obtained by pressing upon the place containing the sting with the tube of a sennep plaster. This extracts the sting, and the drop of aqua ammonia will neutralize the acidity of the poison and allay the smart of the wound. A little bit of salutar, wetted, and laid over the affected

**COFFEE STARCH.**—This is much better than starch made in the ordinary way for the dark clothing—such as black or dark brown calicoes, percales and muslins, also for grass linens and Hollands. Take two tablespoonfuls of the best starch mixed with enough cold water to make a paste. Stir this into a pint of boiling water till coffee well settled. Let it boil about ten minutes. Stir it a few minutes with a penicilli or wax candle; strain through a cloth, and starch the dark-colored or black clothes in it.

**TO HEAL POISONS FROM IVY.**—A simple, yet very effectual remedy can be found in a solution of copper water, applied by immersing the wounded part into it, or by bandaging with cloth dipped into it, and let act as often as the itching begins to turn. Make the copper solution by turning boiling water upon the green crystals, and let the water take up as much as it will; then pour it off from the sediment into a bowl and dip the hand or feet into it. Great relief will be experienced in even a few hours, and repeated applications will never fail to complete the cure. The same remedy will apply to poisoning by oak and sumach.

**FACTS ABOUT FOOD.**—There is an old saying that what is one man's meat may be another's poison, and how often we are reminded of this as we see the likes and dislikes of people for the same articles of food, and learn the reasons therefor. Strawberries, that are so delicious to almost everybody, are poison to many. A prominent member of the bar told me that one strawberry would poison him to such an extent that it would require weeks for him to get over it. An elderly lady of our acquaintance will almost

unt away at the sight of cheese, and wherever she goes this article is banished from the table. Shell-fish are pernicious to many, poisonous, and offensive. We have read in a late medical journal, a number of instances of those antipathies confirming our own observation. Some persons cannot eat a lobster salad without having a very curious effect upon their system, and a hole indeed is soon made in the stomach.

impulsion. A lady indulged at supper time in a salad of this kind, and upon her return to the ball room her face and neck immediately became covered with spots, obliging her to retire. A medical friend tells us that eating veal gives a lady of his acquaintance the nettle-rash, and that orange peel has produced great nervous excitement. Figs, again, give rise to some people to a sensation like the tickle and movement of ants upon the scalp.

1776. 1876.  
INTERNATIONAL  
EXHIBITION.

OFFICE OF THE  
U. S. CENTENNIAL COMMISSION,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In accordance with the several Acts of the Congress of the United States, providing for celebration of the

**CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY**

American Independence, there will be held

**FAIRMOUNT PARK, Philadelphia, in the  
 or 1876, an  
**INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION**  
 Arts, Manufactures, and Products of the Soil  
 and Mine  
 The Exhibition will be opened on the 19th of  
 April and closed on the 19th of October**

—

**APPLICATIONS FOR SPACE.**

secure space for exhibits in the Huidong  
the Park early application should be made.  
A necessary form for application, together  
with the Regulations for Exhibitors and needed  
information, may be forwarded to the application  
office of the Centennial Commission.

**A. T. GOSHORN,**  
**Director General.**

**J. L. CAMPBELL,**  
**Secretary.**

**THE MONTHLY ORACLE!—An Oriental**

**Tape-worm! Tape-worm!**  
Removed alive, with head complete, in from  
one to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr.  
WHEEL, No. 202 N. Ninth st., Phila. Seat, Pin  
Stomach Worms also removed.





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## No. 13!

### ATTENTION, BOYS!

NEXT WEEK we shall present the opening chapters of a fresh and brilliant serial, entitled

## GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

### The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Science and Adventure in the North Pacific.

BY CAPTAIN CLEWLINE.

The main incidents of this exciting narrative are founded upon facts within the knowledge and personal experiences of the author.

Several months ago, with a view to comply with the urgent demands made by many youthful readers of the Post, we requested a gentleman of literary reputation, who had spent several years of his early life on board a

in the NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN, to write for us a story of adventures

and, under the nom de plume of CAPTAIN CLEWLINE, he has presented, in most attractive style, a narrative of thrilling scenes and hair-breadth escapes, combined with a large amount of valuable and interesting information. While

is especially intended to interest and instruct the boys, readers of all classes and ages will find the dangers, trials, scenes and incidents which attend the fortunes of the youthful hero so graphically told, as to arouse their curiosity and enchain their attention to the end.

### EVERY-DAY MARTYRS.

We have martyrs now a days. True, not martyrs who are tortured on the rack, or who go down to a triumphant death amid the flash of brand and fagot; but martyrs who suffer just as much, and who, in such suffering, exhibit the same praiseworthy strength, and endurance, and fortitude. Martyrs who die in struggling to live. Who die each by each, wearing body and soul away. Who sink unnoted into the grave, young in years, but old in care, in suffering, and, alas! in misery. There are here martyrs whose daily torture no awe-struck world shall write in lines of imperishable light. There are doers and worshipers of the good, the beautiful and the true, lifting up clear eyes to heaven, and walking serene and holy in their little sphere, whose brows no painter shall enshrine, whose harmony of whose lives shall make the immortality of no poet's song.

There are martyrs in intellect. Thousands of earth's gifted ones are passing away in their quiet martyrdom. The world looks coldly upon them—pushes aside their ideal dreams with their stern, pressing realities. Men and women who are only happy when they stand motionless and charmed, like a cradled infant by its mother's voice, at their sweet incarnation of the deep things of the heart, at the bright flashes of genius from their own soul's inner shrine. And though the taper of life burns lower and lower, and hope crouches, like a spectre, amid the lengthening shadows, and the actualities of life chill the gushing fountains of the heart—they still toil on with greater efforts and with higher aspirations. And, at last, when the long grass waves over their graves, when the starry primrose needles over their tomb, shrinking timidly away from the garish eye of day, fame wakes a thousand echoes with her clarion tones, and the world faint would kneel to bind undying laurels around the cold and lifeless brow! All too late then—all too dearly bought!

IMAGINARY EVILS.—Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall of wainscot, one, by two or three touches with a lead-pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

### MY HEART AND I.

BY OLIV CARLE.

Oh, heavy heart, the night is come.  
Hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush!  
Hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush!  
Hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush!

How dare I whisper empty words?  
How dare I whisper empty words?  
How dare I whisper empty words?  
How dare I whisper empty words?

Low in the dust our world doth lie—  
Never above it spring the flowers—  
Never above it drift the snows—  
Or fall in music the summer showers!

What is there left in thee and me,  
But that which stifleth every pain?  
Which bringeth swift forgetfulness,  
And peace that falleth not again!

### UNLIMITED WEALTH.

BY F. S. MILLS.

"Suddenly rich." How delighted most of us would be, wouldn't we, if these golden letters only applied to us? Yet, at the age of fifty-five, or thereabouts, poor, tender-hearted Joseph Quinne found sudden wealth anything but a blessing. "Suddenly" wasn't quite the word for it, either; for that implies, or might be construed to imply, a prior expectation, and any one who would readily impute that Joseph Quinne had ever expected anything, except reverses, would draw conclusions from an unfettered imagination.

His dreams of wealth had vanished years before. If ever a man really and truly thought that he was born under an "unlucky star," that man was Joseph Quinne. His wealth came to him like one of those remarkable April showers (which follow an unwashed week so often in May), when the raindrops come in such a fearful hurry and of such enormous magnitude, only in this instance the droppings were of gold.

Notwithstanding all that has been written of the happiness attending a suddenly inheritance, I am very much inclined to think sometimes (reserving to myself the right to alter my opinion should such a fate be mine) that to a man of nervous, unassuming temperament (such as Joseph Quinne's, and, I may add, my own,) the pleasures are much alloyed. It is very well to dream that we dwell in marble halls, with vaults and serfs at our side; but marble halls are cheerless and cold, and vaults and serfs have an unkind way of putting things. It is natural perhaps that the should draw comparisons between the former position of the heir to unexpected wealth and their own present station and place in this topsy-turvy world.

But what about Joseph Quinne? Joseph was a bachelor, and a school-master in a little village, where "boarding around" was one of the leading features of scholastic life. He was a sort of prophet, too—he knew all about the weather and the probable crops—while his skill in drawing up a prescription for man or beast earned him considerable fame and additional labor, but very little in the way of remuneration.

When Joseph Quinne came into the possession of unlimited wealth, and resigned his position as a teacher of intellectual twigs, there was much difference of opinion among the neighbors as to the origin of said inheritance. He was the hero of a hundred home-made romances. This was the first beginning of his discomfort.

One said some rich relation in a distant land had bequeathed his savings for years specially for Joseph Quinne; another that boarding around was cheap, and that Joseph had become rich by his own exertions; a third that some body who had been restored to health after all the physicians had shaken their learned heads by the use of one of Quinne's valuable recipes had left him heir to all of his possessions to the exclusion of anxious relatives.

But Joseph Quinne said nothing. It was curious, to say the least, what a number of farms needed draining and irrigating, just about that time, (for which purpose the loan of a hundred dollars would prove an indisputable blessing.) It was strange what a quantity of young men needed a start in life and fifty dollars. It was pitiful to believe that so many worthy charities could be in such a helpless state, and that their subscription lists should be so low. It was awful to contemplate the number of souls which Joseph Quinne could save by trusting expenditure in trade and serious; and it was odd, very odd, that so many ladies should have remained in single blessedness so many years for the sole purpose of accepting Joseph Quinne.

But this is not a romance of the affections. Joseph wisely permitted the spinsters to relax into their hopelessness. He sifted the applications for assistance, and gave to the deserving. He substituted his own charities, purchased the necessary tracts, and subjected himself, thinking, foolish man, that the world would now permit him to do as he pleased and enjoy himself in his own way.

Not at all! Joseph must build a house (he couldn't always board around, you know, and there were no eligible villa residences for rental in those parts). Then came a legion of surveyors and a whole host of bricklayers, and the old house—Joseph Quinne's. Well, he built his house—a great angular affair, based upon the united plans of a dozen architects. Then he shut himself in it, and fancied his troubles in life were over.

It was the united opinion of every one that Mr. Quinne must own a horse.

Everybody kept horses in those parts. Every one had animals which they would sell him—as a favor.

"What do I want a horse for?" queried Quinne, helplessly.

"To ride or drive, of course."

"Can't ride—I never drive," replied Joseph, argumentatively.

"But for your visitors—"

"Don't want any," said Quinne.

It was useless arguing the point. The horses came. Quinne bought some half a dozen, and began to think that his newly-acquired wealth was subject to considerable control.

No sooner did it become known that Joseph Quinne led a solitary life than the picture-dealers determined that "art" must be his hobby, and he was besieged by dealers in articles of vertu.

The pictures he purchased in desperation would have furnished a gallery of art, and the broken china thrust upon him would have set up a good-sized museum of curiosities.

"If this is the life of a country gentleman," said Quinne, despairingly, "I'm tired of it, that's all."

He went to town, but city life never suited him. He returned to his own house, more than ever determined to have his own way.

Now Quinne didn't think he had a relative in the world. Strange, how much he was mistaken! He had poor relatives in nearly every State in the Union. All sorts and sizes were there—cousins of five years old and cousins of sixty, but all agreed upon one point at least—they were very poor.

Our friend scattered largesse indiscriminately at first, but as his relatives increased at such a rapid rate he employed a competent person to draw up his genealogical chart, and discovered that he had no living relative except one, a lady who had never applied to him for a cent who resided in a Western city.

He shut up his house and all his household goods and started—West.

"Nobody knows me there, anyhow," he ejaculated, with considerable self-satisfaction; "what a blessing to be poor again!"

He visited his newly-discovered relative, found her society charming and her means scanty.

Believing him to be only a poor tutor enjoying a vacation, his cousin rendered his visit so agreeable that he prolonged it indefinitely. He said ever afterwards that those days were the happiest of his life.

I don't exactly know how it came about, nor does it much matter, perhaps, it was natural, that these elderly people should agree to pass their future lives in ministering to each other's necessities. However that may be, Joseph Quinne returned home with his wife.

What a day that was when the horses were sold, with the "old man's" and the collection of "rarties." How Quinne chuckled to himself while his wife presided at the tea-board and ended the hopes of the marriageable ladies of an uncertain age? How madly pleased he was when she announced her plans for the future, which her husband had generously sanctioned? He was never worried afterwards with gratuitous advice, and when he died, and his wife had followed him to the land of everlasting rest, his wealth was given where it did lasting good—no longer unwisely spent, nor vainly coveted.

### NAMING THE BABY.

BY GAMMA.

"Well, then, let it be John."  
"John is a common name."  
"What? William do?"  
"You know I detest it!"  
"What do you say to Dick?"  
"Dis-gusting!"

When a woman pronounces thus, very slowly, syllable by syllable, there is nothing for it but to give in, unless you want to have a scene.

"Well, then, my dear, let it be George Frederick Augustus."  
"You are so stupid," my little wife broke in. "Why can't you think of some proper name for the child?"

"That's exactly what I have been trying to do, my dear," I mildly retorted, "but there is no pleasing you."

"How can you say so? You know very well I've submitted to have all the children called after that horrid old uncle of yours—Gubbins, Gubbins—until I am quite sick of Gubbins, and I am determined now that baby shall have a pretty name."

The quarrel, gentle reader, is as old as the time of Aristophanes, and it will go on, we suppose, as long as babies descend to come into the world. There was a time when people were content to take the first name that presented itself, and it was Tom, Dick and Harry—Harry, Dick and Tom to the end of the chapter; but either the character of our reading, or the spread of the fine arts, and, therefore, a better appreciation of the beautiful, have made us more fastidious. He would indeed be a daring individual to call a girl, now-a-days, Betty or Sally, and yet a century ago, these were fashionable names among the upper ten thousand.

The difficulty which we always feel about the matter is lest the name should not fit. Why is it that an ideal will mix itself with every name?

That Mary should suggest everything that is womanly and amiable is simple enough; for these last eighteen hundred years her sacred name has been identified by the church with all the feminine virtues. That Isabella should suggest a proud, passionate nature we undoubtedly owe to its southern origin. But why should Ann be a cold, formal, hideously trifling expression, and why, again, should Fanny be a cold, heartless, flirt? Blanche, again, in our mind's eye, is a haughty blonde, with a proud manner and a fair white neck. We may have known several Blanches with black hair and narrow forehead, but the fact does not in the slightest destroy the ideal Blanche—the Blanche that should be. Again, Emily is very womanly, with a profusion of light hair, perhaps a little too much so, and, as a name, it is pointed, and, as it seems to me now, in better mockery, to the bed, and then the body swayed and bent backwards, and the head was thrown up in one long burst of uproarious laughter. It seemed to me that I could hear the mocking sounds even above all the noises in the street. I do not know if I turned away for a moment, or if the figure crouched down, but I do not remember any movement on the part of the occupier.

Early in the summer evening I returned from my daily work, and sat at my window to watch the sun, as, like a solitary eye of fire glowing through mist and smoke with a dim, angry light, it sank down into the heart of the great city. The blinds of the rooms opposite were drawn down, and the windows were closed, and they remained so on the following morning. But in the evening, as I watched from my window in the dusk, I saw two men coming down the street, bearing a coffin on their shoulders. They stopped at the house opposite, and carried the coffin in and up the stairs, and through the ante-room, and into that room with the bed, which was opposite to mine. I saw the shadow of it cast upon the window blinds, for some one went first carrying a candle.

And then I knew there was death in the room, and that the antic which had mocked and made sport on the previous day, had mocked at the dying or the dead.

The following day was Sunday, and I was again at my window when the plain deal coffin was carried down stairs and put into a shabby hearse. This was followed by an solitary carriage, and one small person sprang quickly into it, closely muffled in a large black cloak. I could not tell whether this person was young or old, and could only guess whether it was man or woman; but, by something in the rapid, resolute movements at once recalled the sheeted figure which had started me three days before.

There is one perplexity in naming children which we allow cannot easily be got over. We may give that remarkably fine baby at home a remarkably fine name. Marmaduke Rashleigh may fall pompously from the parson's lips, but what if he should turn out a mean-looking, sickly, little and insignificant man? On the other hand, his brother named Peter or Dick, after some paternal uncle, may turn out a magnificent specimen of the genus Homo.

There are some names that circulate among us instantly, and make us fast friends with their owners ever afterward, although we may never have seen them. He is a lucky man whose parents have thus cast his cognomen in their pleasant lives!

### WAS IT A GHOST?

BY ALICE EVANS.

I don't know how people feel who have seen a ghost; perhaps it would be a relief to them to find that the white garment shrouded a broomstick; but for myself, I once saw a figure in a sheet which it would be an infinite relief to me to believe a ghost. I saw this figure, a woman, I know not, five years ago, when I was boarding in the second floor of a house in Baltimore. There was, at that time, a house to let on the opposite side of the street. The shutters were open, so that, before the windows were too dirty, I could see into two of the empty rooms. That opposite my own was an inner room, lighted by two windows, and entered only from the adjoining small ante-chamber, and this which also looked into the street, had one window. The bill, "to let," was there for so many months that it grew yellow with age and gray with dirt, and it was hanging in a hopeless and impatient manner when the house was taken; at least I concluded that it was taken, for the bill disappeared altogether, and was not replaced. In the course of a few days the windows were cleaned, and a bed and two chairs were placed in the inner room. There were no curtains and no carpets, nor, so far as I could see, any other furniture in these two rooms. But there was some one in the bed, very ill, I imagined, for although I saw the figure move from side to side, I never saw it sitting up, or saw the bed empty, or saw the face so as to recognize it if it was that of a man or woman.

In any case I should not have been able to see much of these opposite neighbors. I was only at home in the morning and evening, and they had other rooms besides the two I have mentioned. About a fortnight after they came, I was sitting near my window in the early morning, when my attention was attracted by a figure at the window of the ante-room opposite, wrapped, as it seemed, in a white sheet. A corner of the sheet was drawn up round the head and hung over the face like a hood, so that, although the person was looking out of the window, no trace of form or feature could be seen; and the arms, which were crossed, were also tightly covered by the sheet. For a few seconds it paused at the window, and, I sitting partly behind my window curtain, could see without being seen. Then it entered into the inner room, into which I could see very distinctly, as the windows were open.

And here it seems necessary to state that the effect produced upon me at the time by this person in a sheet has been intensified, and has received an added horror from circumstances which occurred later. It is difficult to describe that which follows without allowing this horror to creep in, and yet, so far as I can remember, I was not sensible of it at the time, and felt only a strange attraction and interest; and a half surprise that any one should dress up and play the fool at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The figure, as I have said, entered the inner room, and stood for some time quite motionless by the bed-side. Then slowly the arms were stretched out, pointing at something or some one in the bed; the head, still covered by the sheet, was bent downwards; the whole attitude was that of one speaking with an earnest and eager intensity. But soon there was the strangest change; the figure started, gave a wild bound, and commenced leaping and dancing round the bed, standing with outstretched arms for a moment at the foot of it, and then springing first to one side and then to the other with such wonderful rapidity that it was impossible to follow every movement. At length there was a pause; again the hands and arms were stretched out, and, again, pointed, and, as it seems to me now, in better mockery, to the bed, and then the body swayed and bent backwards, and the head was thrown up in one long burst of uproarious laughter. It seemed to me that I could hear the mocking sounds even above all the noises in the street. I do not know if I turned away for a moment, or if the figure crouched down, but I do not remember any movement on the part of the occupier.

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I could not watch the house again, it was too terrible; and on the following day when I returned home, I saw that the bed had been removed, and the windows were wide open, and there was a new bill announcing that the house was again "To Let."

### THE SPRING OF CLEAR WATER.

It was at noon on a sultry summer's day, that three travelers quitted the high road to seek refreshment at a spring, which they perceived at a short distance. The spring was overhung by a luxuriant growth of shrubs which flourished in its moisture, and in gratitude returned their shade to preserve its refreshing coolness. The waters, collecting first in a basin hollowed in the rock, overflowed in transparent streams, trickling in their course over the following inscription, carved on the rock:

"Be thou like us—this spring."

The separate streamlets kept joining each other on the coarse sand beneath the basin, and then flowed away, farther and farther, till united into a small rivulet they rippled through the neighboring flowery meadows. The travelers, having quenched their thirst, while sitting to rest themselves for awhile, read the inscription, of which each gave his own interpretation.

"It is excellent advice," said one of them, who appeared to be a trader; he carried a knapsack on his back, his broad leather belt seemed to contain something heavy wrapped or sewed within it, and his strong boots were covered with a layer of dust, seemingly from a long journey. "The spring," he continued, "runs without ceasing, wanders extensively, receives into itself the waters of other springs, and increases till it becomes a river, and by its example incites man to ceaseless activity and unwearied industry, for the accomplishment of all his desires."

Hearing this, another of the travelers, an old man, carrying a book in his hand, shook his head, and said:

"The lesson here given is a much higher one than that. This spring is common to all. It quenches the thirst of every passer by, and yet demands the gratitude of no one. It clearly bids us do good, purely for the love of good, and to require no other reward."

The third traveler had remained silent during this time. He was a beautiful, fair-haired youth, who for the first time, but recently, had parted from his mother. His comrades asked him his explanation of the inscription.

He reflected for a moment, then, slightly blushing, said:

"To me the spring tells a different tale. To what purpose would be its unceasing activity, and its readiness to assuage the thirst of all passers, were it muddy and dented by the earth? Its chief excellence is its brightness and transparent clearness. Its inscription exhorts us neither to industry nor to magnanimity; but to be like this spring ourselves, to preserve the soul in such unalloyed purity, that it may, like in its course, sily reflect the flowers of the earth and the splendors of the heavens."

### THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

Everybody knows that flowers open in the morning and close in the evening. This phenomenon is called the sleep of plants, and is not a momentary movement, but a slow and continuous process, continually varying in intensity during the different hours of the day.

Some flowers require a greater amount of light and heat, to enable them to open, than others. Hence the hours of the day are, to a certain extent, indicated by their opening and closing; and Linnaeus was enabled to construct what he fancifully called a "horologium flore," or floral clock. Thus, the common morning glory opens at dawn, the Star of Bethlehem, a little after ten o'clock; the ice plant at twelve o'clock at noon. On the contrary, the goat's beard, which opens at sunrise, closes at mid-day, and the morning glory closes at the same hour, provided the day is fine; but if it is cloudy, and the atmosphere moist, then the morning glory keeps open the whole day; the four o'clock opens about that time in the afternoon; the flowers of the thorn apple and the evening primrose open at sunset; and those of the night-flowering cereus when it is dark.

Aquatic flowers open and close with the greatest regularity. Thus, the white water-lily closes its flowers at sunset and sinks below the water for the night, and in the morning is buoyed up by the expansion of its petals, and again floats on the surface as before. The *Victoria Regia* expands for the first time about six o'clock in the evening, and closes in a few hours; it then opens again at six the next morning, remains so till the afternoon, when it closes and sinks below the water.

Even the ordinary green leaves as well as the flowers are affected by sleep. This is particularly visible in those plants which possess compound leaves, and which belong to the natural order *Leguminosae*, or the pea tribe. The change of position in the leaves of some of them is so well marked that they present, with their drooping foliage, a totally different aspect in the evening to what they do in the morning. A little girl, who had observed the phenomenon of sleep in a locust tree that grew before her nursery window, upon being required to go to bed a little earlier than usual, replied, with much acuteness, "Oh, mother, it is not yet time to go to bed, the locust tree has not yet begun to say its prayers."

GENIUS, TALENT AND CLEVERNESS.—Genius rushes like a whirlwind—talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses—cleverness skims like a swallow in the summer evening, with a sharp, shrill note and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study, but the clever man dances here, there and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories, the clever man will assail the individual and shatter private character. The man of genius despises both; he needs none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength; he interferes with none, and walks forth an example that "eagles fly alone—they are but sheep that herd together." It is true, that should a poisonous worm cross his path he may tread it under his foot; should a serpent at him he may chastise him; but he will not, cannot, attack the privacy of another. Clever men write verses, men of talent write prose, but the man of genius writes poetry.

## News of Interest

THE distillation of rum from cranberries, is a new industry in South Jersey. The last fraud in the way of adulteration is the putting of salt into ale in order to create a thirst for more. A fine of £32 4s. was recently imposed upon a beer-seller in London for putting 250 grains of salt into every gallon of beer.

A FRENCH court has decided that a man may not trade under his own name, when that name is manifestly used to induce the public to think that it is that of an old-established firm. Moët, a Dutchman, was selling champagne, using the brand "Moët & Co.," which the well-known firm "Moët & Chandon" proved had led people to believe was their wine. The court ordered Moët to discontinue using the title on his wines and fined him \$7,000 damages.

MARRIAGE IN BURMAH.—Marriage among the Burmese is a most peculiar institution, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following simple and touching, but conclusive manner. They respectively light two candles, and, shutting up their hut, sit down and wait until they are burned. The candles burn out first gets up at once and leaves the house for ever, taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

JAPANESE "BABY WAGONS."—An American in Japan has had a new sensation. He has gone back to the days of his youth. The Japanese porters put him in a baby carriage and trotted him around the streets. A two-wheel baby wagon drawn by a coolie he found to be the usual mode of conveyance. In Yeddo there are about one hundred thousand of these vehicles for public use. To ride in them is something like using push carts, but the pace made is very different. Ten miles an hour is the customary travel, and a coolie will make forty miles a day with one passenger in the hottest sun.

AN UNPLEASANT "BODY."—A writer, exhibiting some of the difference between the vernacular of the Americans and English, states that the waist of a dress is by the latter denominated a "body." "We are much startled," she says, "on receiving our first washing-bills, to find that we were charged with 'low bodies' and 'loose bodies.' Not supposing there were any such 'questionable shapes' in our party, we found they were only high and low neck underwaists." Again, she relates that a young American lady, on a visit to a country house, was put into a room previously occupied by one of the family, but which had the uncanny reputation of being haunted. The young lady had subdued her nervousness sufficiently to fall into a light slumber, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and a sepulchral voice whispered through the key-hole: "I want to come in and get my body."

THE English are turning their attention to what are termed "utilitarian pursuits;" and the chief of these are the adulteration of food and liquors. A bill passed the Houses of Parliament, some time ago, on this subject, and a Board of Health is now employed in carrying it out. It is eminently useful, and nothing was ever more needed. The trash which poor John Bull was previously obliged to swallow was positively awful. He was literally poisoned from morning till night. His bread consisted chiefly of potatoes and





## SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS;

## THE FAIRY SPY-GLASS.

BY IDA FAY.

Once there was a little boy named Alfred, and he heard so many fine stories about Fairyland that he fancied he should like to go and see it. It happened, too, on one of his birthdays, that his fairy godmother sent him a fairy picture-book for a present—a wonderful little book just the kind you would like! for it had not only a lovely blue silk cover, with a golden clasp, but within was full of lovely pictures that were continually changing. Now it was a brook in Fairyland, in which little fairies with rainbow wings were chasing each other; and now it was a room in the Fairy Queen's palace, where you are sure to find just the toy or book that you wish; and now it was a great bank of flowers, that grew again as fast as picked; and now it was the splendid rose-colored palace of the Fairy Queen herself, or the great golden gates, with merry little sunbeams hanging on the bars.

All this made Alfred ten times as anxious to go to Fairyland, and of every one he met he asked the way. But the big, bustling, grown-up people only said:

"Pho! pho! get out of the way! There isn't any Fairyland!"

And so, Alfred was no wiser than before.

But, one day, it happened that Alfred caught a sunbeam hiding away in a flower-cup; and, though the little bright-winged fellow tried hard to get away, Alfred held him fast.

"You shan't go till you tell me how to find Fairyland," he said to the sunbeam.

"That's easy enough. You must buy a fairy spy-glass, and then you will find it fast enough," answered the slippery little fellow, sliding out of Alfred's fingers.

Alfred went home quite charmed; and, getting all the money out of his box, went to the shop to buy a fairy spy-glass. The man smiled at him.

"We don't keep fairy glasses here, my boy," said he.

So Alfred was no better off than before, till one day he caught an old brown grasshopper, when, straightway, he heard a small voice squeaking:

"My little boy, don't hurt my poor old pony. I brought him out for a little exercise. He is getting very feeble."

Alfred looked all about him, and saw, sitting on a toadstool, a bright-eyed little lady, about as big as his thumb. She was wrapped from head to foot in a large cloak made out of butterflies' wings, and, by way of improving her time, was knitting stockings out of a ball of spider's web, on diamond needles that flew so fast you could scarcely see them.

"I won't hurt your pony," said Alfred; "but if you are a fairy, madam, as I think you are, I should like you to tell me how to get to Fairyland."

And then he told her the story about the sunbeam.

"You must get a fairy spy-glass, true enough," said the fairy; "but you cannot buy it, except with fairy money."

"But how can I get fairy money?" asked Alfred.

"You must earn it," answered the fairy, "by doing good and kind deeds. Here is a little box," taking a tiny black box out of her pocket. "Every time you keep your temper, or do something kind or generous, you will find in it a bit of fairy gold; but when you forget and are bad, you will find one less in the box. When the box is full, take it out into the forest, and you will find an old man who has fairy spy-glasses for sale. And now, will you please give me my pony, as it is time we were off."

Alfred set down the grasshopper, and the little lady jumping on his back, was off in a twinkling; but he went home with the box in his pocket, happy indeed, for he fancied it would take a week to fill so small a box. Just as he reached home, he met a very pitiful-looking boy. He was ragged and barefoot, and so weak with hunger that he could scarcely drag himself along; but Alfred was going to pass him by without giving him even a penny, because he had decided to buy a new coat with the money in his pocket, when he happened to see his uncle John looking out of the window. Now, uncle John was always very good to the poor, and liked to see Alfred doing a generous act.

"And, perhaps," thought Alfred to himself, "he will give me the money back besides."

So he emptied all the money in his pocket into the poor boy's hand; and when he got into the house, his uncle patted him on the head, and called him "good boy." He gave him, besides, a gold piece. But just then Alfred remembered his fairy box.

"There will be something in it," thought he. "I have been so generous perhaps there will be two pieces."

But, to his astonishment, there was nothing; and when he shook and rattled it, to hear if anything would clink, a little voice said in his ear, "you can't earn fairy money, little boy, by good deeds which are already paid for."

Alfred was quite sulky; but he began to think about it, and made up his mind that perhaps it wasn't so very good of him, after all, to give away money that he might be praised and get it back again; on which, quite mortified, he went to bed.

On the next day, as he was playing, his little brother came to him to mend his cart. Alfred hated to stop, for he had his soldiers drawn up in a row behind a wall made out of a box-cover; and he had just brought up two small tin cannons, and a wooden cart for an ambulance. He was, you see, in the very heat of the battle—and I don't suppose any general would like to be disturbed just then to mend carts. He was about to send his little brother off with a cross "get away!" when he happened to remember what his mother was always telling him about being patient and obliging; and, on that, he put down his cannon, and mended the cart, as pleasantly as possible. Clink! went something softly in the little box in his pocket. He pulled it out in such a hurry, that his hands fairly trembled, looked, and there, true enough, was a bit of fairy gold.

The next day, going to see a little sick friend, who was not so rich as he, he found him lying on a poor little bed, his cheeks red with fever.

"I wish," said the little sick boy, "Oh, I do so wish for some grapes. My mouth is so dry, and tastes so. But mamma says that they cost so much, and she has hardly money enough for medicine."

At that, Alfred began to think of the splendid basket of hot-house grapes that uncle John had brought him that morning. He was very fond of grapes, and he had intended to have a picnic out on the lawn, and have Nellie bring her dishes and beg some cake of mamma. He couldn't make up his mind to give up all this at once; but, at last, he got out the grapes from his drawer, and wrote on a card, "For Georgy," and sent them to the sick boy. He had hardly done it, when clink! clink! came two little fairy bits more into his box.

But now he began to fancy getting fairy money an easy thing; and the next day, when he found Nellie with his paint-box, he grew exceedingly angry, and, calling out, "You naughty girl!" struck her on the cheek. Clink! went something in his box; and, looking in, Alfred saw, to his sorrow, that one of the pretty shining pieces had gone.

In short, it was a long, long time, and through a great many such "ins" and "outs," that Alfred at last got the box filled with fairy money. But that done, he went out into the forest, a proud and happy boy enough.

He had not gone far, when he met an old man, who was crying fairy carpets for sale.

"You can take your seat and wish you were in China, and what you are there," said the old man. "I'll give you one for your box, Master Alfred."

"No," said Alfred; "I want a spy-glass," and traveled on.

And next, he met a girl, and she had a bird that could talk as well as sing, and told him everything that was going on all over the world. Alfred thought that was very wonderful; but still he said that he wanted a spy-glass, not birds, and traveled on till he found an old man begging by the road.

"Pity!" cried the old man. "I have lost my box of fairy money, and I cannot get across the fairy river; and I have been waiting here a hundred years, for I am too feeble to earn anything now; and my wife and daughter are waiting for me, and if I do not get there soon, I am afraid my enemy, the Giant of Mistland, will find them and carry them off to his castle."

At first, Alfred was about to pass him by, as he had done the others; but then he began to say to himself:

"This old man has waited a hundred years, and he is so old and feeble, while I am young. And I can earn another boxful—only I do so hate to wait."

And then he thought:

"I won't give it, either. It isn't my fault if he is old and has waited a hundred years."

But the old man looked so pitiful, and Alfred had been earning fairy money so long that he had begun to like to do kind and good things better than selfish and bad ones; and, at last, with a sigh, he handed the old man the box, saying:

"Here, take it."

"Thank you," answered the old man. "Here is your spy-glass."

Think then how pleased Alfred was! And, putting up his glasses, where do you think he saw Fairyland? Why, close beside him. And now he goes there every day.

## VAIN CURIOSITY.

BY T. A. P.

"What is in the middle of the earth?" asked the Magpie, just as the Mole came out of his burrow.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the Mole.

"Because I should exceedingly like to know," said the Magpie.

"I can't tell you, although I am always underground. I go but very little down, for I don't like the trees, their roots penetrate far below me."

"What is in the middle of the earth?" asked the Magpie to the old Elm, in which her nest was built.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the Elm.

"Oh, I should like to know, above all things," said the Magpie.

"How can I tell? My roots strike deep, indeed, but are yet a short distance from the surface. The rivers go lower down than the oldest and deepest of us. Ask the rivers."

"What is in the middle of the earth?" asked the Magpie of the broad river that flowed by the old elm.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the River.

"Oh, I should be so pleased to find out," said the Magpie.

"Then you must be taught by the wisdom that spread me abroad," said the River. "I indeed am deep, and my stream is wide, but I know nothing beyond my limits. If you want knowledge such as lies in our range, I can teach you, or the old elm can teach you, or the mole can teach you—each according to his experience; but, if you only want to indulge in a vain curiosity, know that no honest teacher who deals in the truth will be able to satisfy you."

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But now he began to fancy getting fairy money an easy thing; and the next day, when he found Nellie with his paint-box, he grew exceedingly angry, and, calling out, "You naughty girl!" struck her on the cheek. Clink! went something in his box; and, looking in, Alfred saw, to his sorrow, that one of the pretty shining pieces had gone.

In short, it was a long, long time, and through a great many such "ins" and "outs," that Alfred at last got the box filled with fairy money. But that done, he went out into the forest, a proud and happy boy enough.

He had not gone far, when he met an old man, who was crying fairy carpets for sale.

"You can take your seat and wish you were in China, and what you are there," said the old man. "I'll give you one for your box, Master Alfred."

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And next, he met a girl, and she had a bird that could talk as well as sing, and told him everything that was going on all over the world. Alfred thought that was very wonderful; but still he said that he wanted a spy-glass, not birds, and traveled on till he found an old man begging by the road.

"Pity!" cried the old man. "I have lost my box of fairy money, and I cannot get across the fairy river; and I have been waiting here a hundred years, for I am too feeble to earn anything now; and my wife and daughter are waiting for me, and if I do not get there soon, I am afraid my enemy, the Giant of Mistland, will find them and carry them off to his castle."

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"You are very kind, and your anxiety to be rid of me is very flattering. But suppose I refuse to go?"



"You won't, Milly."

"You are quite mistaken; that is what I mean to do."

"Milly, in memory of our old love, I beseech you to do me this favor. My heart is already so full of sorrow, that if it had to bear one more, it would break."

"You bring it entirely on yourself. We might have been quite happy if you had chosen. You told my father that you did not believe the tale he fabricated in order to separate us."

"But I did believe it all the while."

"You seem to have told a good many stories," said Milly, contemptuously.

"But you would have a man respect his oath, Milly?"

"It is better to break your word than to break any one's heart."

"I don't wonder that you reproach me; it must seem hard, all this mystery. But Heaven knows it is not my fault, to away at your father's wish, and try to forget, in brighter scenes, that such an unfortunate creature as Herbert Benson ever existed."

There was a minute's silence. Milly was weeping stealthily, and Herbert could find no word of comfort. Presently she looked up, and said, still sobbing, "I thought you told papa you had bought the license?"

"So I did."

"Was it another falsehood?"

He bowed his head in shame.

Though it was to save Milly he had done all this, when she taxed him with it, he forgot the motive, and only remembered the ignominious meanness—the sin of lying.

"Alas!" he said, faintly: "you do not know how much I have cost me, Milly; I could almost wish you never might, because I believe it will hurt you sadly to recognize how much harder your reproaches have made a hard task."

"Are you going?" she sighed out, softly, as she saw him turn.

"Yes, Milly, I am going. Remember the promise I made you some time back, that you should be taught to hate me, in spite of yourself; and—and—Heaven bless and keep you, forever and ever!"

He went sharply down the lane, without daring once to look back. Milly stood and watched him until he was out of sight, and then she felt conscious of a strange kind of exhaustion. Her heart began to beat violently—her head swam—she groped blindly for some support—and fell.

The cold air playing on her damp brow, brought her to herself. She lifted her head, and looked about her anxiously. At first, she could not recollect what had occurred, and wondered to find herself stretched on the ground, with her shawl folded carefully as a pillow for her heavy head.

She looked up interrogatively, and found Tommy Wilson standing above, with a face softened into tenderness in every rugged line and curve. She tried to rise then, but Tommy made a strange noise and shook his head emphatically. Finding her determined, he at once put the question beyond controversy by lifting her in his arms and conveying her quickly and carefully into the house, and putting her gently down on a sofa darted away.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### NEVER DESPAIR.

Exasperated by repeated failures, old Mark called a meeting to decide what must be done. The place of rendezvous was, as usual, the old ruined castle, in the marshes.

Old Mark did not like to be beaten. He had been spoilt by impunity, and had learnt at last to consider himself exceedingly aggrieved when he was not allowed to help himself to as much game as he fancied.

Moreover, the last attempt had made some scandal. The keepers remained bound in the wood until nearly noon the next day, when Mr. Carthen, fairly frightened now, had sent a large body of laborers in search of them. When they came upon the keepers, who were well-nigh exhausted by being kept so long in a cramped position, the men were loud in their expressions of rage and menace; and, moreover, declared themselves almost certain as to the identity of two of the poachers—old Mark and Herbert Benson.

The latter assertion was received with incredulity by the others, but Lawrence persisted.

"If he wasn't there I'll eat my head."

"What, Herbert?"

"Yes; I heard his voice once when he forgot to disguise it; and, moreover, his hat fell off in the midst of the fight."

"Well, I shall be sorry if it was."

"I can't say but what I am disappointed, too," answered Lawrence; "but still the truth is the truth all the world over."

"Of course it is; only, with your permission, Lawrence, I think we'd better keep that little matter to ourselves. If you was mistaken, you know, Mr. Benson's not the kind of man to stand any nonsense, and he'd make you suffer for it."

"I'll try and be sure before I speak, but as to old Mark, I'd swear to him."

"So would I," said Scourby; "and my son, too. Nat tackled me once, and he added, rubbing his head, ruefully, 'and there's no mistaking the blow of his fist—it rings so hard.'"

"And Master Herbert wasn't amiss," replied Lawrence, making doleful reference to a lump on his forehead. The fact is, these poachers were putting down."

"But who's to do it?" asked Scourby.

"Well, Lord Dacre and Mr. Carthen. Those are the two who get paid off the worst. Now-a-days, it is almost as bad being a keeper as it is being a soldier in war-time. I haven't had a quiet night these three weeks; up at all hours on the lookout; and then this affair—it's more than mortal can bear."

"I think master has always been unwilling to have old Mark caught, on account of his years; but that's an end even to his patience. I should fancy there will never be any peace in the neighborhood all the while he is at liberty."

This speech was reported to old Mark by one of the laborers, who, without being a poacher himself, had strong sympathy for the leader and was glad to be able to do him a good turn. It was also mentioned in the village, and reached Mr. Benson's ears, who at once sent for old Mark and Nat, and dismissed them from his employ.

"I have long suspected you both," he said, "but shut my eyes to your faults. Now it has gone too far to be looked over, and you must find work elsewhere."

"That's a fine way of keeping us from poaching!" old Mark said to his son, as

they walked away. "I don't mean to do of starvation when there is game to be had for getting."

"Nor I," answered Nat.

"We'd better call a meeting."

"Very well, father."

"You may as well go round at once, and leave word at the cottages; the wives will be at home. It isn't as if you had to wait for work-hours to be over," added old Mark, with a bitter smile. "You are likely to have plenty of time on your hands by day."

"We had better sleep, then, father; that will make us all the friskier o' nights."

"That's a good thought, lad! I'll see about it."

But, accustomed to his daily labor, somehow the hours lagged terribly. Nat went on his errand; old Mark settled himself to sleep. He removed his coat, and lay himself down on the bed, darkening the window, through which the bright sun poured, shaming him as a sluggard.

Old Mark sank at last into a restless slumber. He awoke, presently, with a bitter cry.

He had seen Nat again standing on the scaffold, with the hangman's cruel hands at his throat; and, beating the air wildly in the agony of despair, old Mark awoke.

"Halloo, father!"

"Ah!" answered the old man, with a deep sigh of relief. "You are there, then, Nat?"

"I've been back this half-hour, or more."

"I was thinking there was a scaffold out in the yard."

Nat stared at the old man anxiously.

"Whatever put such a notion into your head, father?"

"Oh, nothing, lad, nothing," he answered, quickly. "It was only a fancy. There used to be when I was young; that is all."

"Only when there was people to be hung?"

"Of course. But they hung for other things beside murder in my day," answered Mark, shuddering. "It's a good thing we live in different times."

He got up then, and made an effort to shake off his depression.

"Well, what do the men say?"

"They will all be there."

"What time did you say?"

"Midnight. I thought that was the safest."

"All right! Not as I've fancied that hour so well as some since our accident, you know."

"I don't believe it was a ghost now, father."

"What was it, then?"

"It couldn't have been an owl."

"More like an elephant!" said old Mark, contemptuously.

"Besides, it had a human-looking face; and that I'd swear to if this was the last word I had to speak."

"Perhaps it was somebody who had hidden up to frighten us; or it might have been a spy."

"I tell you what," said old Mark, slowly; "it was a ghost, Nat; and there's no use in trying to get out of it! What it came for is more than I should like to say; but I make no doubt it had a meaning in its visit that we are meant to find out ourselves."

"Perhaps we ought to have asked it what it wanted, father."

"Is that your idea of manners?" inquired old Mark, tartly. "How would you like to be asked your business when you went on a visit?"

"Only, you see, we were ready to make a mistake, from not knowing."

"Perhaps it will come again," said old Mark, looking scared at his own suggestion.

"It is to be hoped it won't, father. If there is anything for us to know, we would rather hear it in some other fashion."

"So we would; only we mayn't have the chance, Nat."

"Anyhow, father, it's time enough to think about it when it does."

"So it is, lad, so it is; but I'm rather down-spirited this afternoon, and that's the fact. I seem to turn over in my mind to find something unpleasant to think of, as if that was any use. I'll have a bit to eat, and that will cheer me."

Nat, who had always seen to these things, for no woman had entered the cottage since his mother's death, got ready the noonday meal, and they sat down together.

"Eat hearty, Nat," said the old man, in rather a sad tone. "It may be the last time we shall have plenty on the board."

"Nay, father, we shan't starve all the while. I have hands to work."

"Only the farmers hereabouts won't have anything to say to you now, I expect."

"Well, but I never stole anything," replied Nat, rather surprised that his father should take this view of the matter. "Poaching isn't thieving."

"Some of the gentlemen want us to believe that it is just the same thing."

"That shows their sense, then," remarked Nat; "and the higher they are, the more ignorant they are, it seems to me. I know what thieving is, and why shouldn't they?"

"Because they're perverted; and, moreover, they take in everything the keepers tell them. That Lawrence is a sharp chap."

"Hush, boy! don't jest," said old Mark, gravely. "I don't feel in the humor for it to-day, somehow."

"That's just why you want cheering up, father."

"A hollow kind of laugh ain't any refreshment. If you can't take it hearty, you had better hold your tongue; leastways, that is my opinion."

"Perhaps you are right," answered Nat, who had evidently spoken more hopefully than he felt; for, as if glad of the invitation, he relaxed into silence.

But it was only when idle that old Mark seemed to despair. When he stood in the midst of his little band of poachers, his eye was full of fire, and his arm of vigor. He laughed defiantly in the face of those who dared to prophesy evil.

Never had the marshes looked gloomier, for the moon was behind a cloud, and the rain fell at intervals drearily. It was understood that Pierce, the youngest of the band, had something of importance to tell; and old Mark had him come forward and speak.

"What's the matter now, Pierce?"

"Well, I was working down at the Seven Acre Field this afternoon—you know the Seven Acre Field, mates?"

"Yes, yes—go on!" said half a dozen voices at once.

"Well, I was down behind the hedge, smoking my pipe at noon, after my

dinner, when who should come along but Mr. Carthen, with Lawrence, the keeper."

There was a deep murmur of suspense and eagerness.

"Well, he stooped just near me, as if it was done on purpose, you know; and he says, 'Lawrence,' says he, 'my patience is wore out, and I begin to think with you, that there won't be any peace for any of us until old Mark is caught.'"

"And what did Lawrence say to that?"

"You're right, sir," says he. "That man does more mischief than all the rest put together. He puts the young ones into poaching, as if the idea didn't get into their heads soon enough without."

"The worst of it is, we never can catch him in the act; he is too cunning for us," says Mr. Carthen.

"I've got a plan in my head, sir," says Lawrence. "If you approve."

"But at this minute they walked on. Mr. Carthen had only stopped to light his cigar, it seemed, and so, of course, I didn't hear any more; but it strikes me there is something up."

"I don't suppose it is anything very grand," said old Mark, with confidence; "but here comes Master Herbert. I didn't expect you, Master Herbert, I must say."

"Why not?"

"Anxious you would have had enough of it last time."

"I am not here for pleasure," sighed Herbert, so softly that only Mark might hear. "You know what I told you last time."

"But, you shan't do it."

Herbert smiled. He knew that it ought to be easy enough to escape old Mark's vigilance.

"Well, said old Mark, presently, 'who's afraid?'"

"Why, no one, I should think," answered Pierce. "I ain't, for one."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" said half a dozen voices, simultaneously.

"Very well, then, let's see if we can't get a little sport to-night. Who's got guns?"

Four answered yes to this question, and among them Herbert Benson.

"All I can say is," continued old Mark, "nothing venture, nothing have. Get all you can as quickly as you can, and never mind about the noise of your guns. We was as whist as could be the time before, and was never nearer being caught in our lives. This time we'll carry it with a high hand, and I dare say we shall find ourselves all the safer. I don't expect the keepers will care to venture too near when they find us well armed. And if we can keep them at bay until we're filled out, then they may come on afterwards if they like, and be hanged to them."

"There are nine of us," he added, presently; "the best way will be to divide in threes. We shall have more chance of getting something that way, than if you kept too close together. Nat, you'll keep by our old father, and Master Herbert."

Herbert stepped up to his side.

"Very well; then the others may fix themselves according to their liking. Come on, Master Herbert; come on, Nat."

They passed into the wood at different places, diverging by different paths towards the centre, where they were all to meet at last.

As the final group disappeared, six stealthy figures emerged from under the trees, where they had been in close shelter, and came silently, gravely, like so many spectres, across the edge of the common, to the very spot where old Mark had held council with his men.

Here they paused momentarily.

"Which shall we follow?"

"Let us catch old Mark if we can; never mind about the rest."

At this they glided on again, all six in pursuit of the three who had gone first. Meantime, unconscious of danger, fired by the excitement, old Mark marched on gaily, keeping up a whispered conversation with his companions on either side.

"Nat, where's your eye? Isn't that a bird?"

"Nay," answered Nat, laughing softly; "where's your father? That's naught but an old nest."

"I can see it more."

"So be it, then; your eyes are younger than mine."

"I don't care about their being much sharper, though," said Nat; and at this compliment the old man looked well pleased. He liked to be told that he still retained some of the advantages of his youth, and Nat was pleased to humor this folly.

"Where's your eyes now, then?"

This Mark said decidedly and with a chuckle, for he knew that he was right this time, whatever he might have been the last. Nat looked up, and indeed, he found a brace of fine pheasants at rest in an elm tree overhead.

"You fire, Master Herbert," said old Mark; "Nat's not the best shot in the world."

Herbert lifted the gun to his shoulder, took aim, and was just about to fire, when he saw at the end of the path, about ten yards distant, one quiet figure, standing immovable, and, beyond, the dusky shadow of other figures advancing.

"Mark," he said, faintly, "run. I'll cut off your retreat."

"Nay," answered the old man, sturdily.

"It's your only chance. Don't be a fool, Mark. My father is sure to get me off somehow, and you know they want to get you. I should like you to disappoint them; it would be a fine joke. They made so sure of having you this time."

"I won't desert a mate."

"I keep telling you I am safe. Nat, make him, that's a good lad. You know he would die in prison."

"Yes; I know I should, too," answered old Mark, with a stifled sob in his voice. "Let the lad get off. He's young, and so are you, Master Herbert. It wouldn't be for long, and—"

"You are mad! Lead the way, and I will follow, only don't wait—don't look back, even—we may all escape yet."

Herbert jerked out these breathless words, and thrust old Mark back through the branches with all the force of his strong right hand, and then he was gone.

At this minute the foremost of their pursuers was so close that he might have shot Herbert down like a dog, if he had chosen to fire. But it was clear that he meant to take him unarméd.

Herbert made a faint of following old Mark, just to pacify him, meaning to keep the men at bay until the two poachers had made good their escape. But there is something in this kind of

antagonism when it comes to the point, which rouses a man's spirit, and makes him fight even for the liberty he does not value. We know that Herbert wished to be taken; and yet, when he felt the other's hand at his throat, he stepped back suddenly, a quick instinct of self-preservation making him raise his arm to ward off the impending blow.

"Nay, you rascal, I have you now!" said a deep, stern voice, he recognized at once as Mr. Carthen's.

Herbert and the young squire had been playfellows in their youth, and when Herbert found himself face to face with one whom he had loved like a brother in those early days, a thrill of compunction, of dread even, passed from his head to his feet.

He had almost decided to discover himself, explain everything and throw himself upon Mr. Carthen's mercy; but when he thought of the other's disappointment, his grief at seeing one he had trusted in such a position, shame overpowered Herbert, and the great sacrifice he had demanded of himself became impossible.

He rushed after old Mark, clashing the bare branches aside like a madman; and this time it was no feint, but a real, earnest, passionate purpose to escape if he could, and save himself the pain of acknowledging Mr. Carthen that he had turned poacher.

"If he could have seen poor Milly's despair, her tears, he might have pardoned me, but not now," thought Herbert; "and, somehow, I cannot bear to lower myself in his sight."

But Mr. Carthen was at his heels, and finding that the man, whom he took for Nat Greysome, was trying to get away from him, he seized him in both hands with all his might, and called back to Lawrence to come and help him secure the audacious defector.

Herbert struggled desperately. Even this brief resistance made discovery more difficult. It was impossible now that he should find any excuse for his conduct, as Mr. Carthen would naturally say that he ought to have confessed at once, if he wished him to believe in his sincerity.

Herbert felt now that he had made a mistake, and must not expect to be trusted, and, therefore, he struggled passionately in Mr. Carthen's grasp. He succeeded at last in breaking away from him, and was stooping under a branch of the huge elm that barred his path, when his gun struck against the trunk, and went off suddenly.

Herbert turned then in horror and suspense, and said, in his own natural voice, looking anxiously at the other:

"Oh, Mr. Carthen, you are not hurt?"

"Herbert Benson, that cannot be you!"

The gentleness of this reproach brought Herbert to his knees, just in time to receive on his breast the heavy head of the man who had been his playfellow in youth, and whom, perhaps, he had killed that Milly might be saved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**RATIONAL RECREATION.**—Society is not, and ought not to be, exclusively devoted to serious concerns. The beneficent Creator of the universe would not have adapted human beings to the enjoyment of his gifts unless he intended that they should be enjoyed. With the law which enjoins industry, comes the law of fruition. Why should the eye be formed to perceive natural and artificial beauty, if it is not to be used for that purpose? Why has the capacity to make instruments capable of emitting sweet sounds been given, if such sounds are not to be heard? Why should the human structure be capable of the sweetest melody, and of graceful action, and of the delightful expression beaming from innocent and heavenly countenances, if pleasure from such sources were forbidden us? Why does the grape ripen, the silkworm spin, the annual flower redden, the diamond sparkle, the marble yield to the chisel, and the canvas catch and preserve the inspiration of genius, but to awaken human desire, animate industry and reward with fruition? It is the *creatus* and the *abusus* that are forbidden.

**ONE'S MOTHER.**—Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, and the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong and angry at her counsel or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earliest period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we do not not that she possessed.

**THE RUINS OF HUMANITY.**—Of all the ruins on which the eye of man can gaze, or on which the memory can dwell, none are more painfully sublime than the ruins of humanity—and what are they? Not the deep furrow which time ploughs on the cheeks or the whiteness with which years cover the head—not the curved spine which bows the face to the earth as if looking for a grave to rest in; for the wrinkled cheek and the stooping frame are the appropriate accompaniments of age, and as beautiful in the system of life as with its leafless trees and frozen streams in the system of seasons; but the ruins of humanity are in the ruins which time has not made, a frame trembling with anxiety, shaken by sorrow, humbled by sin, withered by despair—when all the beauty of youth is gone, and the beauty of age has not supplanted its place; it is as melancholy as snow in harvest.

**A TRUTHFUL FRIEND** has often been the saving of a man, and fortunate we are if we possess and appreciate such a blessing. His readiness to listen to the recital of misfortunes and suggest a means of deliverance, his good-natured tolerance of our eccentricities and temper, and his kind and gratuitous offers of advice and assistance, are things that touch our better nature, and awaken feelings that harshness and neglect would go far to stifle.

**A NOISE**, when an author is writing, generally stifles his best thoughts in the birth—just as a loud sound causes the death of a brood of canary birds and of silkworms.



THE less men think, the more they talk.

A HIGHLY intellectual dog—The type-setter.

Jon boiled over when his patience gave way.

A SMALL boy forgot and asked his father for a "chaw uv tobacco," the other day, and is now very reticent on the subject.

AN old settler at the Isle of Shoals seeing the name *Psyche* on the hull of a yacht the other day, spelled it out slowly, and then exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't the damndest way to spell fish!"

A LADY who had barely succeeded in not catching an out-going train at Massillon, Ohio, stood gazing at it with her arms full of packages and her eyes full of tears, when a gentleman arrived at the depot on a run, with his valise in hand, his coat on his arm, and his face streaming with perspiration. He sat down on his valise, and deliberately said, "D—n it!" Whereupon the lady sweetly smiled and said, "Thank you, sir!"

I was sitting beside  
My destined bride,  
One still sentimental day:  
"How I long," said I,  
"But to make you cry,  
And I'd kiss the bright tears away!"

Fair Cecily blushed,  
Her voice grew husky'd,  
I thought she would cry to be sure:  
But she lip'd to me,  
Pouting prettily,  
"Prevention is better than cure!"

**PARITY OF REASONING.**—Lately, at a distribution of prizes, a little girl seven years old, whose parents had just been turned out of their house, because they had failed to pay their rent, was asked by the teacher:

"Have you studied sacred history, my child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the history of the creation?"

"I know that God made all."

"Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then, fixing her eyes on the examiner, replied:

"Probably they were turned out because they could not pay their rent!"

**WOMAN'S AGE.**—Eve, it is well known, was sixteen years old when she was awakened at the side of her husband. Sixteen years old, say ancient writers, and that so boldly, that they must have seen Eve's register written in the files of Paradise. Now, women, who have, nine cases out of ten, more curious rabbinical learning than the mean envy of our sex will allow to them—women, inheriting the privilege from their first parent, believe that, after a certain time, they have a just right to let their first sixteen years go for nothing, and so they sink the preliminary sixteen with a smile, counting, with mother Eve, their seventeenth as their first real birthday. And they are right; for it deducts from your woman of five-and-forty all she cares to lose, giving her a fair start with Eve, and pegging her back to full-blown nine-and-twenty. And, indeed, it is impossible that any really charming woman should be a day older.

**DARWINISM AGAIN.**—A Darwinian philosopher was brought before a justice on the charge of drunkenness. In defence, he said, "Your worship, I am a Darwinian, and I have, I think, discovered the origin of my unfortunate tendency. One of my remotest grandfathers was an anthropoid of a curious turn of mind. One morning, about 4,391,693 B. C., he was looking over his store of coconuts, when he picked up one for his breakfast in which the milk had fermented. He drank the liquor and got gloriously drunk, and ever after he always kept his coconuts until fermentation took place. Judge, then, whether a tendency handed down through innumerable ancestors should not be taken in my defence." Casting a sarcastic look at the prisoner, the justice said, "I am sorry that the peculiar arrangement of the atoms of star dust resulted in giving me a disposition to sentence you to pay a fine of five shillings and costs."

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The firm foot is that which finds firm footing; the weak falter, although it be standing on a rock.

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## The Outdoor

(Communications relating exclusively to outdoor life, and of a general nature, should be addressed to the Editor, The Outdoor, 100 Broadway, New York.)

According to the "knowing ones," this is going to be a brisk season for business of all kinds. Our realm, the world of fashion, is also influenced, and as the financial brightens, and the sun of prosperity dispenses freely his cheering beams, we may expect all sorts of new fancies and suggestions to crop out from the fertile mine of our dress-makers, like flowers, after refreshing rains and warm spring sunbeams. For to live under the clouds and in the chilling atmosphere of such a financial crisis as has been our lot to experience as a nation, for over a year past, is most terribly depressing to trade and business of all kinds. Now, happily, we begin to emerge from gloom, and an everything brightens, and an everything late among the hills, and to yield her way to autumn, influences costume very much—consequently the decided changes in wraps and hats, etc., that we have described, have not yet been very generally adopted.

We are glad to record the favor with which the new walking dresses have been received both in New York and Philadelphia, which are great emporiums of business of all kinds may be said to influence the entire American world of fashion.

In speaking of these walking dresses, we allude more especially to the length, as in that particular item, less the (to us) most attractive feature. We have seen several new imported ones, and all were just of sufficient length to clear the ground. They are gored perfectly plain in front, and over the hips, the fullness of the back being arranged either in one large double box pleat, or two flat pleats. The width of the skirt should not exceed three yards and three-quarters.

A very pretty light woven fabric, with fancy stripes, now brought out in ecru and drab tints, striped with red, the new claret tint, and different shades of blue, will be much used for indoor overdresses and polonaises, and as long as the mildness of the season permits for the promenade and carriage wear.

Heavily embroidered lace polonaises and tunics of silk, cashmere, and camel's hair cloths are still being largely imported. Some are heavily beaded and wrought with finely cut and pressed jet; others have only silk embroidery, in large patterns.

Among handsome silk suits we noticed one which will serve as a model for garments of similar material. It was of dark claret color, and had the skirt trimmed with two bias gathered flounces, each about three-fourths of a yard in depth, set on the lower with two puffs, the upper with one puff, and three graduated standing ruffles. The overskirt and culottes were heavily wrought in palm leaves of jet, and a fine running vine of embroidery. The shape of the overskirt was a deep pointed apron, fastening under the bodice at the back, in one broad band and laid in six kilt pleats; this sash was only embroidered on the end, and edged, as was the overskirt, with deep yak lace. The jacket had a high round collar, standing out well from the neck, and ending on the front, just over the bust, in two crossed square tabs. The sleeves were of the coat style—very charming.

Dinner and reception dresses have very long and full trains, and generally square or heart-shaped bodices. The back breadths of all the dresses are arranged either in large kilt pleats, or the one double box pleat, which latter, indeed, is a newer style.

Hats, it is said, will be more popular than bonnets during the coming season. Many of us, who are still young, can remember the time when hats were only given up to children and very young misses, and even they wore little bonnets for "best" in imitation of "mamma's." Now all ages wear the hat, and one seldom sees the bonnet in general use among the young and unmarried.

We noticed a very charming model of drab velvet, combined with a dark shade of slate colored gros grain silk. The crown was of the Normandy shape, high and slightly peaked. The front of the velvet laid in overlapping folds. A half wreath of tinted leaves, gray shading into deep maroon, was placed just above the forehead piece, as the band inside the flaring front was termed, and carried back until it reached the crown just at the left side, where it was caught by an aigrette of mingled blue and black jets, and two loops of gros grain ribbon the same color as the silk of the crown.

On the right side were placed two small beautifully curled ostrich tips, of shaded gray and maroon.

Among the smaller items of wear, are noticeable small linen and linen-cambrie cravats for the ladies; much the size and shape of those worn by gentlemen to the opera. Some are plainly hemmed, others are edged with lace and have a spray of embroidery on each end. The sheer muslin ties, so popular last summer and a season before, are revived—only they are now much narrower than they were. Jabots of Valenciennes and Mechlin, and where it can be afforded, point lace, are very fashionable for full dress wear. Many wear a small cluster of rosebuds, or one half-open flower, just nestling in the folds of the lace, giving a dainty, coquettish effect.

Double ruffles are worn around the neck—sometimes the inner one of tulle and the outer of sheer muslin. NIXON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
Miss R. B. C.—We can forward any pattern you desire.

C. O. D.—Yes; you were correctly informed. We do shop on commission for those who send us orders. We answer by mail if a stamp is sent.

ANITA AND ALL.—"Little girls," and big ones too, still wear the front hair "laqued," but we think it a risky style—suiting very few faces.

Miss NETA G.—We would advise the purchase of a hat for ordinary wear. Trim with a scarf or turtleneck of silk, lined with contrasting color and fringed at the ends. Have a bright wing or tip, and small aigrette of jet at the left side.

THAT.—Certainly, we can get you any kind of hair braids you wish. They cost all the way from \$5 to \$20; but for about \$10 or \$12 you can get one that will answer every purpose, and that will be really handsome. The embroidered shirt bosoms cost from \$1 to \$5 each, according to the quality and amount of embroidery upon each bosom.

## TAKING WARNINGS.

BY R. A.

Once lived a comely maid who, proud of her looks, had all her life been, and was overjoyed.

Two in those good old days when her grandmothers had granddaughters; but human nature now is then, of pride is born full.

Altho' this maid to lovers' prayer, To lady-like deep-laid snare, She never intended to remain A victim in Diana's train, But form with some well-favored swain A fit alliance.

Years glided by full many a chimera, And new year's eve when rainless time Her charms increased, But thought the not for distant dance, Which would her brow, of sunken cheek, Of pallid lip, of voice grown weak, Attraction fade.

At length still fewer and more few, Behind her steps the years grew; At festive meeting No more did youth advance To claim her hand for distant dance, Nor comely for some winking glance, With heart high beating.

"Alas," quoth she, "I'm now perplexed; My loaves desert, the very next I shall be seen in a simple, Woe not in vain, as I'm more than anxious to seek her door, Young ladies, in your bosom store This sad example."

A DOG IN THE MANGER.  
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presently he and I were engaged, and in our struggle we rolled through the door without much difficulty, right on to the body of another of my friend's visitors, extended on the entry floor. He uttered a similar inquiry about his situation, and just as the incident was being explained, with a confusion of brain equal to his comrade's, forthwith joined in the fray. Aroused by the noise, and utterly at loss to comprehend its cause or nature, Ned was not long in adding a fourth to this curious nocturnal engagement, the dog all the while barking furiously and snapping at every leg but his master's. This lasted about twenty minutes at the shortest calculation, when the housekeeper appeared with lights, and I hope she was gratified. But the arrival of the old lady gave rise to the second case of dead-lock on record. None of us would move till the dog was secured. I held my man firmly; my friend of the entry held on; Ned had the owner of the dog safely pinned; while the man held him; and so we continued till the housekeeper drove out the dog. It was then close upon morning. When we realized the ludicrous situation, a shout of laughter burst forth that made the rafters ring. We all went down stairs and drank in the day.

Many years have passed since that night; many pleasant visits have passed between Ned and myself; but, although we've both grown staid, sober citizens, we still enjoy a hearty laugh when either is reminded of "a dog in the manger."

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him. She did not know why she should feel so; she only knew that such a conviction took possession of her the moment she saw him.

The weeks went by and Trevor lingered, encouraged by Mrs. Darcy and repelled by Ethel's coldness.

All things must end, and at last he resolved to trifle no longer. It must be settled, one way or the other.

He proposed to Ethel, and she refused him. She did it as gently as she knew how, because she pitied him if he really loved her, and she more than half believed that he did.

He took his refusal with the best grace possible, and at first was not inclined to consider her answer decisive. But she quickly unlearned him on that score.

"I mean every word of it," she said. "I do not love you, and I cannot marry a man I do not love."

The man's face was white with pain when he turned to go. She knew then that he had felt her words keenly.

"I am sorry," he said, simply. "You would have made a better man of me, Ethel, if you could have loved me a little. But I suppose it cannot be, and I will not trouble you any more. I shall go away, and you will forget me sometime; but I shall not forget you, Ethel, because you are the only woman I ever loved."

He went away then. He did not even say good-bye. And when he was gone, Ethel sat down and cried. She hardly knew why; it might be because she felt relieved to think that the unpleasant affair had come to an end, and it might be because she was sorry for the pain she had caused him.

Mrs. Darcy was terribly angry, not with Ethel alone, but with Trevor for withdrawing from the field. She felt that she could have helped him to conquer if he had persevered. But as he was not there to receive his share of her wrath, Ethel had to bear it.

She bore it as long as she could. At last she turned, as the deer does when it is pursued.

"Stop!" she said. "This has gone far enough. I will listen to no more. If you want me to go away, go on; if not, let there be something which at least we may call peace."

There was something in her voice and in her face which told Mrs. Darcy that she had gone as far as it was safe for her, and she relapsed into a sullen silence.

Ethel saw but little of John Evelyn. She knew that he was waiting patiently, and she was content to wait, too. They had a dream, you see, as all of us do, of a good time coming.

One day Ethel took up a paper, and the first thing she saw was a telegraphic dispatch, announcing the fact that Edward King had been arrested for having forged his employer's name to a check for a very large amount some six months before.

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## THE BUREAU

(Communications relating exclusively to the Bureau, and of a general nature, should be addressed to the Editor, The Bureau, 100 Broadway, New York.)

It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for subscribers, contributors, and others, it will occasionally contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous queries and questions contained in our general correspondence.

All communications must be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor, The Saturday Evening Post, No. 100 Broadway, New York, Philadelphia.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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In ordering, the name and P. O. address should be clearly written. When a change of address is desired, the former as well as the present address must be given.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by the Postal Service, and will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepare postage.

CONTRIBUTORS are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

G. H. M.—An eighteen karat gold ring, with genuine solitaire diamond setting, such as you want for an engagement ring, would cost you \$100.00. We can purchase it for you, and send it C. O. D.

M. W. R.—Slender is the daughter of spite. Think of yourself more and less of the opinions of your gossiping and fault-finding acquaintances. A woman who takes a pride in her reputation carries about with her a guardian, and a safe one.

E. J. S.—The proper way for you to assist a lady to mount on horseback is to take her left foot in your two hands and help her spring up, while she holds with her right hand on the pommel, and lightly rests her left hand on your shoulder.

H. E. S.—The largest organ in the United States is in Music Hall, Boston. It has six stops and nearly 40,000 pipes. Its height is 80 feet, width 48 feet and depth 24 feet. The largest organ in the world is said to be in the Albert Hall, London.

THOMAS D.—As a rule the wife ought to be younger than the gentleman; but if there be a deep and sincere attachment between you we do not see why